



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
*
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



HER ♥ BOOK

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

The Olive Percival
Collection of
Children's Books

Sims

Pectoris House

Stone

Wilbur Macy Stone

26 Nov. ~ 1923 ~

APPROVED JUVENILE WORKS.

BINGLEY'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

I.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR INSTINCT, SAGACITY, AND FIDELITY.

BY THOMAS BINGLEY.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS AFTER LANDSEER.

Price 4s. nicely bound.

II.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS,

THEIR CHARACTERS AND HABITS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS AFTER THOMAS LANDSEER, &c.

Price 4s. bound.

III.

TALES OF SHIPWRECKS

AND OTHER DISASTERS AT SEA.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

Price 4s. bound.

CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.

PETER PARLEY AND THE CORONATION.

Price 4s. handsomely bound,

PETER PARLEY'S VISIT TO LONDON
DURING THE CORONATION,

In which he describes this splendid ceremony, and tells his young friends
many amusing anecdotes of the Queen, &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX COLOURED PLATES

OF THE PRINCIPAL SCENES.

Handsomely bound, price Five Shillings,

BIBLE QUADRUPEDS;

**THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANIMALS MENTIONED IN
SCRIPTURE.**

WITH SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS.

“ This is an excellent little present for young people, cherishing at the same
time a love for the Holy Volume and a taste for Natural History.”—*Lit. Gaz.*

CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.





THE EAGLE'S NEST.

TALES
OF
ENTERPRISE;

FOR
THE AMUSEMENT OF YOUTH.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
WHITECHAPEL.

TALES OF ENTERPRISE.

CHAPTER I.

“MAMA,” asked a little boy of his mother one evening, when the tea-things having been removed, and Mrs. Meadows and her two daughters had set themselves down to their work—if we may so term the employment of the younger of the two, who busied herself with arranging the dress of a new doll, of which papa had made her a present on her birth-day—“Mama, when are you to resume telling us such stories as those you told us last winter, with which we were all so much delighted?”

“Oh yes, dear mama!” cried Jane, apparently for the moment forgetting the claims

of her little charge, and uniting with her brother in his entreaty to be once more gratified by the recital.

“ Well, my dears, I shall be most happy to begin, as soon as you, George, have found some employment. There is no occasion for your being idle, while I narrate one or two such tales as, I am sure, will interest you.”

George, who was fond of drawing, and though not more than twelve years of age had already made no mean progress in that delightful art, immediately furnished himself with the necessary implements; and having arranged them on the table entirely to his satisfaction, intimated that he now waited his mama's pleasure to begin.

Mrs. Meadows prefaced her narrative by saying—“ The little tale which I am going to tell you, while it records one of the most striking instances of escape from death with which I am acquainted, affords also a very

impressive and instructive example of the advantage, or, I might say, the necessity, of coolness and self-possession in the hour of danger; and will show you that mere animal courage, or that sort of determination which enables a person to face danger when there is no other means of escape, though a quality by no means to be despised, is very inferior to that which calmly meets it, prepared to avail itself of any means of escape which may occur, or perish in the attempt.

“A good many years ago, the American Government—with the view to obtain precise information of the state and extent of the country, which, though now in a great measure covered by towns and cultivated farms, was then known only as the ‘far west,’ and over which scarcely had human foot trod, save that of the Indian hunter,—despatched an exploring party, under the command of two gentlemen named Lewis and Clarke, for the

purpose of making such researches. When the expedition reached the head of the Missouri river, one of the attendants, attracted by the appearance of abundance of Beavers which he observed, obtained leave to remain behind for some time in company of a hunter named Potts, for the purpose of engaging in the occupation of Beaver hunting; aware, however, of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, and in whose territories they now were, the hunters set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. Early one morning, as they were examining their traps, and were ascending the river for this purpose in a canoe, they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain by what it was caused, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river hindered their

view. Colter, for such was the name of the man who had obtained leave of absence, immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat; but was accused of cowardice by his companion, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, great herds of these animals then inhabiting that part of the country: and they proceeded on. In a few minutes, however, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the inlet of the river in which the hunters were engaged, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come on shore. Seeing that retreat was now impossible. Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, and at the moment of its touching the bank, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong and determined man, immediately retook it, and again handed it to

his companion, who remained in the canoe, and on recovering it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, which wounded him severely. Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, however, and irritated by his wound, he levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. He was instantly pierced with a shower of arrows, which soon put a period to his existence. Enraged at the loss of their companion, the Indians immediately seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Crow Indians, had in a

considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed and enraged Indians; he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner; although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

“The chief now commanded the Indians to remain where they were, and led Colter forward for the distance of three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*. In an instant the war-whoop sounded in his ears, and, urged with the hope of preserving life, Colter ran with a speed which surprised even himself. His way lay across a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. Urged onward by fear, he ran nearly

half way across the plain, before he ventured to look back. On doing so, he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body ; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards behind him. Elated at the sight, he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibility, and made redoubled exertions ; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer pierce his body. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if pos-

sible, to avert the danger, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and, perhaps, at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in pieces. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned his enemy to the earth, and then continued his flight.

“The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped to assist his companion, and waited till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell, and continued the pursuit. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees, on the border of the river, to which he ran, and plunged into the water. Fortunately for him,

a little below the place where he entered, there was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of timber had lodged; he dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, where they were covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

“ Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling in the most hideous manner, and searching everywhere for their prisoner. They came frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who congratulated himself on his escape, till the idea occurred to him, that they might set the raft on fire. Haunted by this fear, he remained in a state of horrible suspense until night; when hearing no more of his pursuers, he dived from under the raft, and swam down the river to a considerable

distance, when he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, and, as the day advanced, he was exposed to the intense heat of a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw plenty around him; and he was at a great distance from the nearest settlement. For seven long days did he wander on, without further nourishment than what he received from such fruits and roots as he could pick up, and in the evening seeking shelter from the wild beasts in the spreading branches of some tall tree. At length, however, when almost exhausted, he reached one of the American forts, where he was kindly received, and his wants attended to."

"I am glad he escaped, mama," said

George, "though he seems to have had a desperate run for it."

"Yes, George, but you see of how much advantage his coolness and self-possession were to him at the outset. Had he either refused to come on shore at the bidding of the Indians, or, like his unfortunate companion, rashly attacked them, he would certainly have been murdered.

"That I do not overrate the importance of this quality, I will show you, by relating to you another little tale, in which it bears a very prominent part. It is also about an American, named Putnam, who held the command of the American forces, during the war with the French, and their allies, the Indians, about the middle of last century."

"General Putnam happened on one occasion to be on the eastern side of the river Hudson, close by the falls, attended by five men in a boat, when the rest of his men, who

were on the opposite side, informed him by signal, that a considerable body of savages were advancing to surround him, and that there was not a moment to lose. Three modes of conduct were at his option—to remain, fight, and be sacrificed; to attempt to pass to the other side exposed to the open fire of the enemy; or to sail down the waterfalls, with almost a certainty of being overwhelmed. These were the only alternatives. Putnam did not hesitate, and jumped into his boat at the fortunate instant, for one of his companions, who was at a little distance, fell a victim to the Indians. His enemies soon arrived, and discharged their muskets at the boat before he could get out of their reach. No sooner had he escaped this danger through the rapidity of the current, than death presented itself under a more terrific form. Rocks, whose points projected above the surface of the water; large masses of

timber that nearly closed the passage ; absorbing gulfs, and rapid descents, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, left him no hope of escape, except by something little short of a miracle. Putnam, however, placed himself at the helm, and directed it with the utmost tranquillity. His companions saw him with admiration, terror, and astonishment, avoid with the utmost address the rocks and threatening gulfs, which they every instant expected to devour him. He disappeared over the falls, and for a few moments seemed to be utterly lost in the raging torrent. By and bye, however, he rose again, and directing his course across the only passage which he could possibly make, he at length gained the even surface of the river that flowed at the bottom of this dreadful cascade. The Indians were no less surprised. This daring feat astonished them almost as much as the sight of the first Europeans that approached the

banks of this river. They considered Putnam as invulnerable; and they thought that they should offend the great Spirit, if they attempted the life of a man that was so visibly under his immediate protection.

“Soon after this, Mr. Putnam removed to a different part of the country, where the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seven fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual litter of whelps, had long infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to come within gun-shot. Upon being closely pursued, she fled to the western woods, and returned the next winter with another litter of whelps.

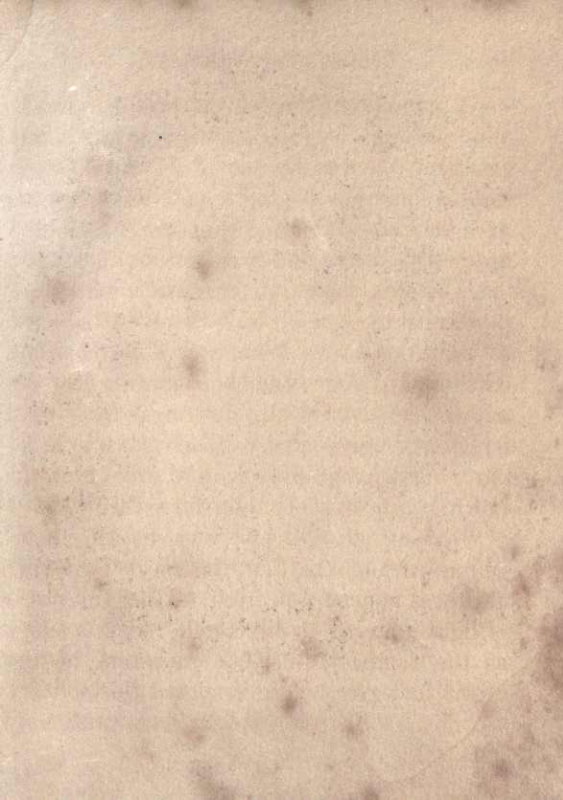
“This wolf, at length, became so troublesome, that Mr. Putnam entered into a com-

bination with some of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they should destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes of one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this peculiarity, the pursuers recognized in a light snow the route of this destructive animal. Having followed her track for some distance, they found that she had at length taken refuge in a cave, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected, with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With these materials, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The dogs came back badly wounded, and refused to return to the charge. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel the wolf to quit her retirement.

Wearied with such fruitless attempts, which had been continued until ten o'clock at night, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro servant, to go down into the cavern, and shoot the wolf; but he declined the hazardous enterprise. At length, Mr. Putnam, angry at the disappointment, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, or perish in the attempt. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous undertaking; but he, knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, and having provided several slips of birch, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and fixed a rope round his body, by which he might, at a concerted signal, be drawn up, he entered head foremost with the blazing torch in his hand.

“The mouth of the den was on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, and was about two feet square; thence it descended in a sloping direction about fifteen feet; then running backward about ten more, it ascended gradually sixteen feet to its termination. The sides of this subterranean cavity were composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seemed to have been torn from each other by some earthquake. The top and bottom were of stone, and the entrance in winter, being covered with ice, exceedingly slippery. The cave was in no place high enough for a man to stand upright, nor in any part more than three feet wide.

“Having groped his way to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the tomb! None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. Mr. Putnam cautiously





THE WOLF'S DEN.

proceeded onward ; came to the ascent, which he mounted on his hands and knees, and then discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the cavern ; startled at the sight of the fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the discovery, he gave the signal for pulling him out of the cave.

“ The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth so quickly, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his body much wounded. Loading his gun with nine buck-shot, with a torch in one hand and his musket in the other, Mr. Putnam descended a second time ; he approached the wolf nearer than before, who assumed a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling,

rolling her eyes, and gnashing her teeth. At length, dropping her head between her legs, she prepared to spring on him. At this critical moment he levelled his piece, and shot her in the head. Stunned with the shock, and nearly suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. Having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to clear, he entered the cave a third time, when he found the wolf was dead; he took hold of her ears, and making the necessary signal, the people above, with no small exultation, drew Mr. Putnam and the wolf both out together."

During the progress of the narrative, the attention of the listeners had been gradually relaxing from the occupations in which they professed to be engaged. To the attack on the wolf George listened with almost breathless interest, and Jane, allowing her half-dressed doll to repose in her lap, seemed to hang on

the words as they fell from her mother's lips. It was however too late for either to do more than express their delight at mama's stories ; the hour of bed-time having arrived, they kissed mama and sister Eliza, and each retired to their apartment.

CHAPTER II.

“TO-NIGHT,” said Mrs. Meadows, when she and her children were again seated near the fire on the following evening—“To-night I am going to tell you a little Eastern tale, which was related to me many years ago by a kind friend who picked it up during a residence in India. It contains an account of the adventures of one of the most celebrated Indian heroes, and is one of the themes on which the story-tellers of the East delight to dwell with the fond garrulity of remembered greatness.

“Shere Afgun, or the Overthrower of the Lion, so called from his having in his youth killed a lion with his own hands, was born of noble parents in Turcomania. He

first served with uncommon renown under Shaw Ismael, one of their most distinguished warriors, and afterwards with increasing reputation in the wars of the emperor Akbar of India. He distinguished himself in a particular manner under Khan Khanan, at the taking of Suid, by exhibiting prodigies of personal strength and valour. Preferments were heaped upon him, and he was in high esteem at court during the life of Akbar, who loved in others that daring intrepidity for which he himself was renowned.

“ When at the height of his reputation, Shere married Mher ul Nissa, or the ‘Sun of Women,’ the daughter of Chaja Nias, the high-treasurer of the empire. This lady, who excelled in beauty all the damsels of the East, had also captivated the heart of Selim, the prince royal; and the prince had even gone so far as to apply to his father, Akbar, for permission to espouse her; but the emperor,

aware that she had been betrothed to Shere, sternly refused to commit a piece of injustice, though in favour of the heir to his throne. The prince retired abashed, and Mher ul Nissa became the wife of Shere.

“ At length the emperor Akbar died, and Selim ascended the throne. The passion for Mher ul Nissa, which he had repressed from respect to his father, now returned with redoubled violence. He was afraid to go so far against the current of popular opinion, as openly to deprive Shere of his wife; but he resolved to leave no art untried to get his rival out of the way, when he reckoned upon his triumph being secure. The first plot which he laid against the life of the brave Shere, was distinguished for the depth of its perfidy. He appointed a day for hunting, and ordered the haunt of an enormous tiger to be explored. News was soon brought that a tiger of immense size was

discovered in the Forest Nidarbari. This savage, it was said, had carried off many of the largest oxen from the neighbouring villages. The emperor directed thither his march, attended by Shere Afgun and all his principal officers, with their train of dependants. Having, according to the custom of the Mogul Tartars, surrounded the ground for many miles, they began to move towards the centre on all sides. The tiger was roused; his roaring was heard from all quarters, and the emperor hastened to the place.

“The nobility being assembled, the emperor called aloud, ‘Who among you will advance singly and attack this tiger?’ They looked on one another in silence; then all turned their eyes on Shere Afgun. He seemed not to understand their meaning. At length three Omrahs started forth from the circle; and sacrificing fear to shame, fell at the emperor’s feet, and begged permission to try

singly their strength against the formidable animal. The pride of Shere Afgun rose. He had imagined that none durst attempt a deed so dangerous. He hoped that after the refusal of the nobles, the honour of the enterprise would devolve of course on his hands. But three had offered themselves for the combat, and they were bound in honour to insist on their prior right. Afraid of losing his former renown, Shere Afgun began thus in the presence: 'To attack an animal with weapons is both unmanly and unfair. God has given to man limbs and sinews, as well as to tigers; he has added reason to the former, to conduct his strength.' The other Omrahs objected in vain, 'that all men were inferior to the tiger in strength, and that he could be overcome only by steel.' 'I will convince you of your mistake,' Shere Afgun replied; and throwing down his sword and shield, prepared to advance unarmed.

“Although the emperor was in secret pleased with a proposal full of danger to Shere, he made a show of dissuading him from the enterprise. Shere was determined. The monarch with feigned reluctance yielded. Men knew not whether they ought most to admire the courage of the man, or to exclaim against the folly of the deed. Astonishment was painted in every face; every tongue was silent. Shere advanced to the den in which the tiger had concealed himself, and boldly attacked it. For a time the issue of the contest seemed doubtful, but at length, after a long and obstinate struggle, Shere prevailed; and though mangled with wounds himself, laid at last the savage dead at his feet. The thousands who were eye-witnesses of the action, were almost afraid to vouch for the truth of the exploit with their concurring testimony. The fame of Shere was increased, and the designs of the emperor failed for the

moment. But the determined hatred of the latter stopped not here; other plans of destruction were contrived by his flatterers against the unfortunate Shere, and to one of these he at last fell a victim.

“ He had retired from the capital of Bengal to Burdwan, hoping at a distance from the court to live in obscurity and safety with his beloved Mher ul Nissa. He was deceived. The Subahdar of Bengal had received his appointment for the purpose of removing the unfortunate Shere, and he was not unmindful of the condition. Settling the affairs of his government at Rajeinabel, which was at that time the capital of Bengal, he resolved with a great retinue to make the tour of the dependent provinces. In his route he came to Burdwan. The devoted Shere hearing that the Subahdar was entering the town in which he resided, mounted his horse, and, with two servants only, went to pay his respects. The

Subahdar received him with affected politeness. They rode for some time side by side, and their conversation turned upon indifferent affairs. The Subahdar suddenly stopped: he ordered his elephant of state to be brought; which he mounted, under a pretence of appearing with becoming pomp in the city of Burdwan. Shere stood still when the Subahdar was ascending; and one of the pikemen, pretending that Shere was in the way, struck his horse, and began to drive him before him. Shere was enraged at the affront; he knew that the pikeman durst not have used the freedom without his master's orders; and at once saw plainly that there was a design laid against his life. Turning therefore round upon the pikeman, he threatened him with instant death. The man fell on the ground and begged for mercy. Swords were drawn. Shere had no time to lose; he spurred his horse up to the elephant

on which the Subahdar was mounted, and having broken down the ambhary, or castle in which he was seated, cut him in two : and thus the treacherous governor became the victim of his own zeal to please the emperor. Shere did not rest here ; he turned his sword on the other officers. Five of the most distinguished having fallen under his hands, the remaining chiefs were at once astonished and frightened ; they fled to a distance, and formed a circle around him. Some began to gall him with arrows ; others to fire with their muskets. His horse at length having been shot with a ball in the forehead, fell under him. The unfortunate Shere, reduced to the last extremity, began to upbraid them with cowardice. He invited them severally to single combat : but he begged in vain. He had already received some wounds : he plainly saw his approaching fate. Turning his face towards Mecca, he took up some

dust with his hand; and for want of water, threw it by way of ablution upon his head. He then stood up, seemingly unconcerned. Six balls entered his body in different places before he fell. His enemies had scarcely courage to come near till they saw him in the last agonies of death.

“Who that pities the fall of the brave and unfortunate Shere, can help feeling doubly sorry, when they learn that the woman whose beauty was the cause of his ruin, had not a tear to shed to his memory! The officer who succeeded the deceased Subahdar in the command of his troops, hastened to the house of Shere, afraid that Mher ul Nissa, in her first paroxysms of grief, might make away with herself. The lady, however, bore her misfortune with great fortitude and resignation. She showed no willingness whatever to follow the fashion of her countrywomen on such tragical occasions; she even pretended, in

vindication of her apparent insensibility, that she was acting in obedience to the injunctions of her deceased lord. She alleged that Shere, foreseeing his own fall from the machinations of the emperor, had conjured her to yield to the wishes of the monarch without hesitation. The reasons which she said he gave, were as feeble as the fact itself was improbable—he was afraid that his own exploits would sink into oblivion, unless they were connected with the remarkable event of giving an empress to India.

“Empress, accordingly, the faithless widow became; and for many years, under the celebrated name of Noor-Jehan (Light of the World), she, conjointly with Selim, ruled the empire of India.”

“What a bad man the emperor must have been, mama!” remarked George, when Mrs. Meadows concluded her tale. “I am sure, he never could be happy with Noor-Jehan,

after being guilty of the murder of her husband."

"And the empress, mama," interrupted Jane, "how very unfeeling and unkind towards the gallant Shere! I am sure *she* could never expect to be happy. Could she?"

"I am glad, my dear children," replied Mrs. Meadows, "that you look on the treachery of Selim and his worthless partner in its true light. Though surrounded by all the luxuries of an Eastern court, the remembrance of the crimes of the one and the false-heartedness of the other must have occasionally intruded even in their most joyous moments, and dashed the cup of pleasure from their lips. Be assured that neither rank, nor title, nor riches, nor worldly honours, can ever wash away the remembrance of guilt. Often, I dare say, did Selim feel that he would gladly have parted with his highest honours to have restored to him the peace of mind which he had for ever

lost by the success of his schemes against the gallant Shere Afgun.

“The other tale which I have set apart for this evening,” continued Mrs. Meadows, “is one about an old panther-hunter: I am sure it will delight you, George, as it contains one of those stirring adventures in which you are so much interested.

“On the bank of the beautiful Susquehannah, one of the large rivers of North America, lived, some years ago, an aged man, whose life had been devoted to the woods and to the storm. He had grown old in the forest; but, like the aged and gnarled oak, a vestige still remained of his ancient hardihood. He was one of the pioneers of civilization, and one of his greatest regrets was that society in its march was fast driving the game before it. ‘I have seen the foot-prints of the Indian and the panther,’ he would say to the admiring youngsters, who crowded round him to listen

to the tales of his eventful life, 'where now the fields are white with the harvest; they have passed away with the wilderness, and my own grey head will soon lie down in the dust. I must not murmur. Yet I shall be the last who has witnessed nature in this spot, in her simple and solitary grandeur. Oh, that I could but once again exhibit a panther-skin as the trophy of my age!'

“For years the neighbourhood had been undisturbed by the presence of any of the larger beasts of prey, and the flocks of the husbandmen reposed in security in the rude but progressively improving enclosures, which here and there intersected what had once been a magnificent forest. Yet, strange to say, on the very next day to that on which the above conversation took place, the villagers were alarmed by a report that a panther had been seen on the banks of a river which flowed close by.

“The old man’s eyes brightened at the intelligence; he seemed to have shaken off his years, as, with a firm and undaunted step, he shouldered his rifle in the hope of gaining the object of his heart’s desire. ‘I’ll find the creature,’ said he; ‘I can go to the spot; and if an old man’s eyes do not fail him, I shall have an easy task. But there is no knowing what may take place; they are a dangerous animal.’ And he departed, accompanied only by his dog.

“The day was fast waning away, and the shades of the surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter, as he passed the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear that he was doomed to watch in vain.

“At length, leaning his rifle against a tree, he commenced partaking of the scanty repast with which he had provided himself: all was

still around him—his dog lay quietly at his feet—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the river might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath the craggy bank or precipice, lifting itself towards the skies more than an hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, gazing upon the stream and the valley below, crimsoned by the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain, as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling among the bushes close beside him, and turning round, he beheld the panther cross his path. He shuddered; for his rifle still leaned against the tree where he had placed it, and between him and it stood the panther!

“The animal gazed at him for a moment, and springing into a tree with a growl, it fixed its eyes on the dismayed hunter, and its

fierce gaze made him shrink to the very edge of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair. Instinctively he grasped his open knife in one hand, while, with the other, he laid hold of a small sapling which had sprung up and taken root almost on the brink of the precipice. The panther, in the meantime, stretched itself along the branch on which it had taken its station, crouching like a cat ready to spring upon her prey. In this state it remained for some time, as if conscious that its prey was secure, and as if it derived pleasure from keeping its victim in such terrible suspense.

“The hunter’s faithful dog, which had at first shrunk from the panther, with a fear equal to that of his master, now took courage, and boldly approached it, barking angrily,



THE PANTHER HUNTER.



and leaping towards the branch on which it had placed itself. Instead, however, of diverting the attention of the fierce animal, it seemed only to irritate and enrage it. Drawing itself up, with a sudden spring it darted at the hunter, who eagerly watched its every motion. He gave himself up for lost; but at the moment of the animal's spring, with a short convulsive shriek of horror, he jumped aside. The sharp claws of the animal fixed themselves in his cloak, and he would have gone with it over into the dread abyss, but for the hold of the sapling, which he fortunately retained. For a moment it seemed as if the animal would recover its footing, but with an instinctive presence of mind the hunter loosed his grasp of the cloak, and the panther dragged it over the precipice, and was crushed in pieces as it fell from crag to crag towards the bottom of the ravine.

“The hunter rushed to the tree, and seizing

his musket, made his way to the foot of the precipice, and finding his huge foe still quivering in the agonies of death, he lodged the contents in its head. He returned home exulting in his exploit, and exhibited his trophy with exulting joy; but the toil and the terror which he had endured were too much for his aged strength, and his remains now rest in the earth, near the scene of his past achievements."

George declared that he was indeed delighted, and wished he had been present to see the struggle between the panther-hunter and the animal on the edge of the precipice, and to have witnessed its fall into the ravine; while Jane felt sorry that the old man had ventured out to the chase, since, otherwise, he might have lived many years, and told his early adventures to his admiring auditors. Mama, fatigued with the length of the tales which she had this evening related, allowed

them to go on with the discussion, till the unwelcome chime of the clock warned them that it was time to separate.

CHAPTER III.

THE impression which the Tale of the Panther-Hunter had made on the minds of the young people had not quite worn off, when, on the next evening, they again drew round the fire, to listen to mama's stories. George had many questions—very many questions to ask, and Jane's patience was almost exhausted, long before he could bring his examination to an end. His curiosity being at length completely gratified, Mrs. Meadows prepared to begin the tale for the evening.

“It is not many years, my dear children, since I had the misfortune to lose by death a brother, whose kind and amiable disposition endeared him, not only to those

who were knit to him by the bonds of relationship, but to all who came in contact with him in any of the relations of life. After spending some time in the service of his country, and fighting her battles with honour to himself, he left the army, and spent a considerable time in travelling in different parts of the world. Being of an active and enterprising disposition, he met with a variety of adventures in the course of his travels, which he delighted to relate to a few confiding friends. One of these I am now going to tell you; and as, in narratives of this description, so much of the interest depends on their personality, I will relate it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

“During my residence in South America, I spent some weeks on an estate, or rather a plantation, on the banks of a river, which comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mine host, the proprietor of the estate, though

great part of his time was occupied in its superintendence, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement.— Accompanied by a couple of active servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro, we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed, occasionally, sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes, with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, employed ourselves in fishing, or in stealing a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces.

“Owing to the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea-coast, many rivers of considerable magnitude, on the northern coast of South America, divide themselves into numerous streams, or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The islands, which are thus formed by these

streams, are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of the coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare and partly over-run by tall reeds, canes, and other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds find a retreat from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey; the streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage; and the waters afford several kinds of fish which, from their delicacy and flavour, amply repay the labour employed in taking them.

“ I had been told, both by my host and by Cæsar, that serpents of great size had been frequently seen by them crossing from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without danger, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of

these reptiles, not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me a strong aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, dragging its slow length along. But, in all our excursions, nothing of this kind was to be seen; and I had begun to conceive some suspicions that Cæsar and his master had not a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles which they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befel me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of than exceeded the truth. Occasionally, pressing business detained mine host at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang

heavy on my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake, and a clever active fellow I found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish, when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

“One day, about two or three weeks after my arrival, my entertainer informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation, distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only person on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, would prove a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or

to go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal.

“After he was gone, I strolled about the plantation for an hour or two, looking at everything, and seeking everywhere for amusement; but at length, tired of idleness, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, as I intended to go a-fishing, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and declining the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being slow, I was some time in reaching the place, where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those, in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not, in general, above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I sailed up

and down for some time, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagunes. But they were scarce and shy. Perhaps my aim was not so steady as usual, and having expended all my ammunition to a single shot, I secured only one bird of the flamingo species. Tired of this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddling about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited so well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials, I tired of this sport also. Thinking, however, that I might be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down the river, and again set the lines.

“By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing that there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in

the water, and laying my gun down by my side ready for a shot, I stretched myself along the benches of the boat, waiting till it should be time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue which I had undergone. I know not how long I may have slept, when I was roused from my slumbers by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my feet. In that state of half stupor felt immediately after awakening from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the head and neck of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as it immediately flashed on my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field, but never till that moment had

I conceived it could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. Recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring on me with its treacherous and repulsive eyes, and at the same moment seized my gun. The monster, apparently disturbed by my movement, drew its head below the level of the canoe. I conceive, that from my stillness, it had previously taken me for a dead carcass. I had just sufficient time to rouse myself up, pointing my gun in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared, moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of some object which it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it: I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air, with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run

cold,—and by its contortions displaying to my sight great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the oars I made the canoe shoot up the river out of its reach. As I escaped, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head as it twisted itself about in innumerable and unaccountable contortions. Unfortunately, as I have already said, all my shot was expended, otherwise I should certainly have favoured the monster with another salute or two of the same description as that to which I had just treated him.

“All that passed took place in a much shorter time than I have taken up in relating it. As I sailed up the river, I could hear the reeds, amongst which the animal sought

refuge, crushing beneath its weight. I never once thought of the lines which I had left, but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place from which I had originally started. I jumped ashore, and hastily mooring the canoe, I hurried into the house, where I found my kind host, who had just arrived. I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound which I had inflicted on the serpent. 'In that case,' said he, 'it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;' and instantly summoning Cæsar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of the other servants with him. 'If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport which our country affords.' I pro-

tested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind ; adding that, had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on such easy terms. ‘In general,’ he replied, ‘it is extremely dangerous to attack these large serpents at close quarters, after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated ; and there are not wanting instances of persons losing their lives in so doing. There was a poor fellow,’ continued he, ‘on the estate of a friend of mine, who, when accompanying his master and some friends in hunting, happened to fall in suddenly with a large boa. He instantly discharged the gun, which he carried, at it, and thinking that he had disabled or mortally wounded it, he went up to despatch it ; but the animal recovering from the shock, seized him, threw him down, and enveloped him in its coils. His fearful cries summoned the party to his aid, but by the

time of their arrival, he was so completely in its power, that there was no chance of escape. To have fired with effect was impossible without, in all probability, injuring the man more than the animal. To have approached, and attempted to extricate him, would only have exposed themselves to a similar fate. They succeeded, however, at length in destroying the reptile, but not before it had put an end to the life of its antagonist.'

“ ‘ Don't let this story fright you, however,’ said my friend laughing — ‘ for we take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen.’ Cæsar at this moment reappeared, followed by half a dozen assistants, each armed with a weapon of some description, and two of them bearing an instrument similar to a bill-hook, to clear the way, in case the animal should retreat among the reeds. We were soon seated in the canoes, and fast

gliding down the stream, urged by the well-plied oars, which a couple of stout negroes managed with singular dexterity. In a short time we reached the scene of my adventure. The part of the bank not covered with reeds, bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proofs that the wound which the animal had received could not have been a slight one. Exactly opposite to the spot which bore these traces, the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed, so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter.

“Having called a halt to see that our arms were in proper order, we listened attentively, to see if we could catch any sound which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. We, therefore, determined to march on. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed the way. My friend and I followed with our guns, while

Cæsar and the rest of the attendants brought up the rear. The reeds were in most places nearly double our height, and grew so close, that we should have had great difficulty in forcing a passage, but for the track which the serpent had formed.

“ We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the negro, who was in advance, gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. He was immediately ordered to fall back, while mine host and I advancing cautiously, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster curled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness, its head was invisible. Disturbed by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head, we fired, both of us at almost the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could

not have taken effect, but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient, for its raised head dropped on the ground, and the animal commenced hissing violently, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Though in a great measure disabled, it was even yet dangerous to approach it; but Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, requested us not to fire again, forced his way through the reeds at one side, and making a short circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it, and a few repetitions of this, gave us the victory. Seeing that it was quite dead, we could now examine the creature in safety. We found that a good part of our shot had taken effect about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it, even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I

thought how nearly I had escaped furnishing it with a meal.

“ We now set to work, and, not without difficulty, succeeded in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream. Having made it fast to one of the canoes, we towed it up the river, and again landed it near the house. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and its body, in some places, was nearly as thick as a man’s waist. My friend informed me that it was the largest he had ever seen killed, though he had frequently seen others, under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of larger size.

“ It was not until I was seated at a late dinner, that I felt myself overcome with the fatigue I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day ; but, as the evening wore on, I completely recovered, and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The

consequences of *our*, I had almost said *my* success, and the pleasure arising from the escape I had made, no doubt contributing to the elevation of spirits I then enjoyed.

“The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind, for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep, with a cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of the horrid reptile. But even this at length passed away, and left nothing but the bare recollection of the danger I had undergone, and a grateful feeling toward that Providence under whose ever-watchful presiding care I was saved from so terrible a fate.”

Though not remarkable for excessive timidity, Jane had, during the greater part of the tale, kept close to her mother's side. When the narrative was concluded, she said :—

“ Oh, mama! I am so glad you have finished. I do dislike these nasty serpents so much !”

George, though he evidently shared in his sister's dislike, had too much manliness to confess any feeling of timidity, and instantly, though in perfect politeness and good nature, combated his sister's objections. How the matter might have been eventually arranged must continue uncertain, as their discussion was cut short by the arrival of the hour of retirement.

CHAPTER IV.

“OH, mama!” said Jane, when the children had once more gathered round Mrs. Meadows on the succeeding evening, “pray, do tell us some nice story to-night. I really was terrified at the one you told us last night about the serpent.”

“Yes, dear, I have a nice little tale for you to-night, one which I am sure will delight you. It is about an infant which was carried off by an eagle, and which was rescued by the daring intrepidity of its mother, who clambered up to the eagle’s nest, and brought down her child in safety. I met with the tale some years ago, and when it occurred to me this morning, I sought it out in the book, that George might read it to us.”

George, who at first seemed inclined to differ in opinion with his sister, as to the terribleness of the story of the serpent hunt, felt flattered at mama's request that he should read aloud to them, and taking the book in which Mrs. Meadows had marked the place, began as follows :—

“ Almost all the people in the parish, which forms the scene of our little tale, were engaged in that most enlivening branch of rural occupation—carrying the meadow-hay from the field in which it had grown, to the farm-yards, where it was to be secured in stacks to preserve it from the influence of the weather; and the huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous—jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. The dinner-hour at length arrived

—the horses were unyoked—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, and the Great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

“In the midst of this scene of happiness and contentment, the great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, suddenly stooped down, and flew away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church-spire had tumbled down upon a whole congregation! “Hannah Lamond’s bairn! Hannah Lamond’s bairn!” was the loud fast-spreading cry. “The eagle’s ta’en awa’ Hannah Lamond’s bairn!” and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and many intersecting brooks, lay

between ; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie, or eagle's nest, was well known, and both the old birds were seen sitting on the edge of the rocky ledge, which towered far above. But who shall scale the dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain ? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running backwards and forwards like so many ants when their colony is disturbed. "What's the use, what's the use of mere human means ?" asked some of the elders of the village in despair ; "we have no power but in prayer !" And many knelt down, fathers and mothers, thinking of their own babies, as if they could force the deaf heavens to hear !

"Hannah Lamond, the agonized mother of the child, had all the while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes as

if ready to start from her head, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her, for, strong as all sympathies with her had been, they were now completely engrossed in watching the motions of the eagles. ‘It was only last Sabbath that my sweet wee bairn was baptized!’ she at length exclaimed in agony, and starting up from the spot on which she had remained motionless, she flew off towards the cliff, over huge stones, and through thickets, till she reached the foot of the mountain, and then mounting up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death of his game—fearless as a goat playing among precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed in pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing even along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated

staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned unharmed to their beds? It is the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby hurried off to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft, till she reach that devouring den, and, in the passion of love, fiercer and more furious than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that, with their heavy wings, would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance, before the eye of the All-seeing God?

“No stop, no stay, did the fearless mother make—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear then but once crossed her heart, as up, up, up, to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. ‘The God who holds

me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is in my bosom? Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she could see the savage sternness of their wrathful eyes. But their fury was of no avail—up, up, up, mounted the intrepid mother, till at length she almost reached the eyrie, and the eagles, as if quailed, flew to a short distance, and took their post on a stump of a tree which jutted out from the cliff. Another step, and she has reached the nest, and, amid a collection of bones and blood, she clasps her child—dead, dead, no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a corner of the harvest-field. Oh! what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry. 'It lives—it lives—it lives!'—and, baring her bosom, with loud laughter,

and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent, once more murmuring at the fount of life and love !

“ Where all this time was Mark Stewart, the sailor ? Half-way up the cliffs ; but his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick ; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at evening the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. ‘ And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother ? ’ thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, ‘ God ! ’ She looked round, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye watched its fall, and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small

platform. Her child was bound to her bosom, and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened to the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. There a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. Steep as the wall of a house was the side of the precipice, but it was matted with ivy, centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. With her baby bound to her bosom, she clung with hands and feet to that fearful ladder.

“Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish, so great was the multitude, on their knees! And, hush!

the voice of psalms—a hymn breathes the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death but of deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother, or at church along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed to fasten her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous sobbing voice was close behind her—and lo! a she-goat with her two little kids at her feet! ‘Wild heights,’ thought she, ‘do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for oh! even in brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother’s love!’ And, turning round her

head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

“Over-head frowned the front of the precipice, never visited before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible, and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of ‘the glead’s cliff.’ Many were now attempting it, and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, which, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their

fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken, eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by heaven. Small green flats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; bolder lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled among the straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath. There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs. Sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the eyrie, and now that her salvation was sure the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

“And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature,

unknown to many even by name, one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day here, there, any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child, and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew set apart for paupers in the church!

“ ‘ Fall back, and give her fresh air,’ said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying as in death. ‘ Gie me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms,’ cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the kind-hearted creatures bathing its face in tears. ‘ There’s no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blind, blind indeed must they be who see not the finger of God in this thing.’

“ Hannah started up from her swoon,

looking wildly round, and cried, ‘Oh, the bird, the bird! the eagle, the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter. Is there nane to pursue?’ A neighbour put her baby into her bosom, and shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, ‘Am I awake, oh tell me if I am awake, or is a’ this the work of a fever and the delirium of a dream!’”

“Are there any such eagles in England, mama?” asked Jane.

“I believe not, my dear,” said Mrs. Meadows, “and I rather think very few even in the most northern and wild parts of Scotland. There are some, however, both there and in Norway which are so powerful that they frequently carry off lambs from the flocks.”

“How fortunate it was, mama,” continued Jane, “that Hannah Lamond followed so quickly as to prevent them from injuring the little boy.”

“ We must talk of this afterwards, my dear,” rejoined mama: “ I have set apart another tale for this evening, which I fear I shall scarcely be able to get through before bed-time. I will, therefore, begin at once.” With these words, Mrs. Meadows began her narrative of the ‘ Two Negroes.’

“ During the residence of my dear brother in the West Indies, an occurrence took place which strongly marked the desire of the negro for freedom, and at the same time showed the hold which superstition had over their wild and untutored minds. As the story is one of deep interest, his recital of it made a very strong impression on my mind.

“ Cato was a runaway from an estate in Jamaica, and having absented himself beyond the time allowed by law, he had rendered himself liable to the punishment of transportation. In addition to this delinquency, he had rendered himself the terror of the country

by robberies, either secret and desperate, or violent and daring. His personal safety was in a great measure secured by the impression which he had found means to instil into the minds of his fellow negroes, that he was in possession of a spell which protected him from being wounded, and so secured him against surprise that he could never be taken prisoner, except it were by a white man.

“ This circumstance—which, so powerful is superstition, even he himself implicitly believed, together with his talents and courage—operated as a safeguard for many years; during which his excesses had rendered him so obnoxious, that it was at length found indispensable to rid the country of his exactions and outrages, by some more efficient exertions for his capture than any hitherto employed.

“ To seize him by numbers was impossible, on account of the intelligence which he was

able to obtain from his friends on various estates, some governed by affection for him, the rest by fear of his vengeance; and no one for a time could be found hardy enough to attack him singly. At length a negro, a slave, under a promise of freedom, undertook the enterprise. His name was Plato, he possessed great strength and courage, and was intimately acquainted with the haunts of the outlaw; circumstances greatly in his favour, but which were in a great measure neutralized by his apprehension for the obeah, or charm, which Cato was supposed to possess. To overcome this, it was necessary to find some counter-charm. This the ingenuity of his white master easily communicated to him by Christian baptism.

“Fortified thus with the hope of freedom, Plato at length sallied forth by moonlight to encounter his enemy, whom he expected to find in his recesses on that account, as wicked

deeds always shun the light. In spite of his better reason, his apprehensions were sometimes almost gaining the mastery of his resolution, and as he walked in silence through the woods, casting a fearful glance at every opening among the trees, and gazing with a fancy of awe, if not of terror, down the deep dingles whose ridges he traversed, he could not repress a sort of foreboding that, hurled into one of these abysses, he might perhaps pay with his life for his rashness, and become food for the vultures before morning. Nay, he thought sometimes that the gift of freedom might become neither more nor less than the sleep of death, and as he imagined to himself the man he had to contend with, he recalled to mind the days of his youth when he had formerly measured his strength with the stripling now grown into the bold and powerful ruffian. Full of these reflections, uninterrupted except

by the croaking of the noxious animals which the indistinctness of moonlight had tempted from their places of concealment, he approached with stealthy steps the cave in which he knew Cato frequently reposed. The mouth of it was, in a great measure, concealed by bushes, through which the dull red gleam of some dying embers betrayed that the object of his pursuit had lately been its tenant, if he were not now within. He pushed the bushes gently aside, and, looking through the gloom as far as his vision could penetrate, called in a voice of mingled doubt and authority, whose tone was yet softened by the recollection of ancient friendship, 'Cato!' The sound had scarcely escaped his lips, when a voice replied, 'Who asks for Cato?' and at the same instant a figure started from the ground behind the embers, which shed their sombre glow on his herculean frame, and gave him the air and

colour of a demon ascending from the fiery gulf. 'Cato,' said the other, 'I come to take you.'

"'Are you alone?' asked Cato, who at once recognised the voice of his former companion. 'Do you come to take me while asleep, or do you give me loyal battle in open field?'

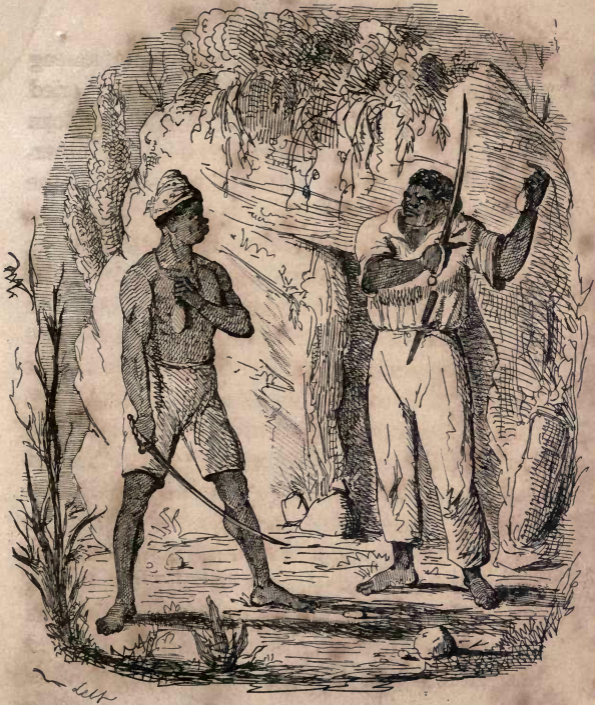
"'I come as one to one,' replied Plato—'come forth and try your strength.'

"'Swear to me that you have no help at hand, and I will at once meet you,' rejoined the robber, 'or I will stay here in my protection, and let him who dares advance.'

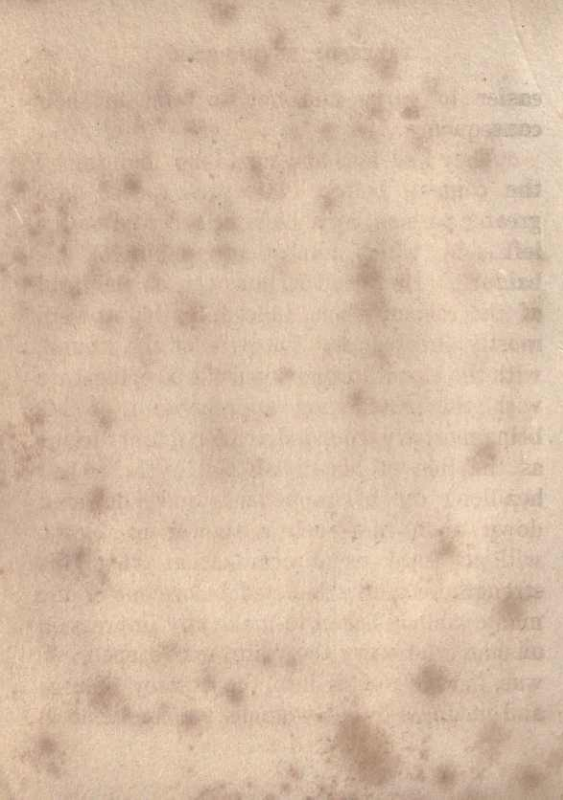
"Plato having given him the necessary assurance, the robber came forth, pushing aside the bushes as his opponent retired to allow him free egress. The moon was at full, and shed such a flood of light, that day could have added little advantage to it for their purpose. But, before they proceeded to action, Cato, holding up the amulet suspended from

his neck (it was a bag, containing among other things, bones, teeth, and hair) cried aloud, 'While I wear this, Plato, no one can take me.' 'And I also,' replied the other, 'have a charm—a better charm—I wear the white man's spell.'

"Plato had unsheathed the cutlass as he approached the cave, and his antagonist brandishing his naked weapon, put himself in a posture of defence as he defied, at least in words, the white man's charm. They fought for some time with more caution than fury, the robber intent on disabling his adversary, rather than on his death; while Plato, fearful of losing any advantage from such a circumstance, sought only occasion to inflict one blow—determining, however, that that one should be decisive. As they fought with cutlasses, whose point a negro seldom thinks of employing, their attack and defence formed an interchange of cuts, rather than thrusts,



THE TWO NEGROES.



easier to parry and not so fatal in their consequence.

“ They had not, however, long maintained the contest, before Plato was roused into greater passion, by a blow he received on his left side, which almost threw him off his balance. He repaid it, however, on the head of the robber, where, indeed, his blows were mostly directed, and the pain of the wound, with the blood flowing down his face, together with the maddening apprehension of his being mortally wounded, rendered him furious as the lion of his native soil. He rushed headlong on his opponent, and showered down upon him such a shower of blows, without care or discrimination, that his strength became exhausted before one of the many wounds began to make any impression on him who wore the white man’s spell; *he* was, indeed, roused into the ecstasy of rage and madness by his wounds, yet confident in

his charm, he watched an opportunity for the death-blow, with a patience and perseverance at last fatal to his antagonist.

“Cato exhausted and out of breath, covered with blood, and foaming with indignation and revenge, having failed in an effort to close with his enemy, and slipping his foot in attempting to recover himself, received a severe blow on the neck, which cut the thong by which his amulet was suspended, and brought him to the ground. Still he was not dead. The conqueror, almost as exhausted, threw himself on his fallen enemy, and had just succeeded in binding the hands of the ruffian, when, fainting from loss of blood, he fell by his side.

“Some hours elapsed before he recovered from his fainting fit, and the sun had illumined the mountain, and cast the long shadows of the cotton-tree over the plains beneath them, before he had gained sufficient strength to

raise himself from the earth. Taking up his conch shell, which lay beside him, he blew a faint, but sufficiently audible note, which announced to his friends the victory which he had gained. The sound re-echoed among the rocks, and soon brought assistance. His friends bound up his wounds, as well as those of Cato, who still lived. They were then escorted to the nearest habitation, where the one was received with shouts and acclamations, and the other confined to the hospital, preparatory to his trial.

“This took place a few days afterwards. Cato was condemned to death, and preparations was made for carrying the sentence immediately into execution. When borne to the place of execution, he looked round with an undaunted air, and casting his eye on Plato, desired permission to speak to him. This being granted, the robber thus addressed his conqueror:—‘By my death you

have gained your freedom; a little while shall you enjoy it. Before the moon, which shone on us on the night of our combat, shall rise again as big as it then was, and hide the stars, we shall meet where the great Spirit shall say who is the better man! Remember! —So Cato died.

“As the time approached for the completion of Cato’s prophecy, the spirits and confidence of his conqueror declined. Perhaps the prediction itself had inspired that terror which often seems to be its own agent on similar occasions; perhaps it was the effect of his wounds, but whatever was the cause, it is certain that he daily declined; he felt, indeed, that he was dying, and said, from time to time, that he saw Cato beckoning him to follow him, he knew not whither. It was evident that his fears had affected his mind. On the night of the full moon he sat upright in his couch, and watched it rising above the

mountain, until its rays streamed through the lattice of his casement. Gradually he seemed to waver : he fancied himself again struggling with Cato, fighting, bleeding, fainting. His imagination hurried him to the place of execution ; he heard again the awful prediction, the last words of his victim—he shrieked in a transport of terror, ‘ Cato, I remember!’—and expired.”

CHAPTER V.

“MAMA,” said George, next evening, as soon as the little party had seated themselves; “To-night, mama, you promised to tell us about the shipwrecked sailors, and how they spent the winter among the frosts and snows of Spitzbergen. I am all anxiety to hear you begin.”

“I will begin directly, George,” replied Mrs. Meadows, “but you must allow me to show Jane how she is to manage this little piece of work which I have given her to do. It will save us the trouble of interruption afterwards.”

Having at length, partly by directions and partly by example, put Jane into the proper

way of proceeding, Mrs. Meadows, much to George's delight, began :—

“ The party of seamen about whom I promised to tell you this evening, George, belonged to Archangel, whence they sailed to the Northern Seas, to engage in the whale-fishery,—an employment at once calling forth the spirit of enterprise, and abounding with the most extraordinary adventures. Here are a few of the incidents which befell them during the six years which they remained on the island. It is told in the words of the boatswain, who acted as pilot to the vessel, and who was the most active and enterprising among the sufferers.”

“ ‘ We left Archangel in a vessel which was manned with fourteen hands besides the captain: the usual course is to keep on the western coast of Spitzbergen, but as I had, once before, sailed on the eastern side of the island, I induced the captain to try it on this

voyage. Continuing our course, we one day suddenly found ourselves everywhere surrounded by ice. Thinking it probable that we were locked in, and might not again be able to get clear before the winter set in, I recollected having heard that, some time before, a party of seamen had wintered on Spitzbergen, where they left a hut standing. Calling a council, it was unanimously agreed, that a party should be despatched for its discovery, that we might be provided for the worst, and at least have a place of shelter, in case we should be compelled to winter in this severe latitude. Myself and three seamen, therefore, started over the ice in search of the hut; we carried with us some provisions, a musket, a powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder, some lead, a piece of touchwood, a box full of tobacco, an axe, one knife, and every man his pipe. Thus equipped, we reached the desolate island; and

after searching for some time, we found the hut, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. As it was now getting dark, we made a fire, and cooked some of the provisions which we had brought with us. The hut was divided by a partition, forming an outer and an inner room: we passed the night as well as the circumstances would permit us, and early the following morning hastened to the sea-shore, to communicate our success to our companions, and to assist in landing the provisions and other necessaries. Our surprise and anguish may easily be conceived, when we beheld nothing but an open sea, free from ice, and no ship in sight. A terrible storm during the night had effected this change; whether the violence of the ice had crushed the ship, or she had foundered at sea, were then useless conjectures, and were matters of speculation—she was never afterwards seen by us, or heard of by any of our countrymen.

“ ‘In this wretched situation, our first care was to turn our thoughts towards our only place of shelter—the hut; our next, how we should obtain food. Fortunately the island abounded with rein-deer; we, therefore, shot one of these the first day, and made a meal from it. We employed ourselves the remainder of the day in filling up the chinks about the hut with moss; the building, otherwise, was in a sound state, as wood in cold climates keeps entire for many years. The next day we were cast down beyond all hope; we had consumed our last piece of fuel, and two of our party, who had been out to procure more, returned with the sad account that the island was entirely destitute of wood. We all now gave ourselves up as lost; it was impossible to exist in that country without a constant fire in the hut. We were all four in melancholy contemplation over our unhappy fate, when I, happening to cast my eyes towards

the beach, thought I saw something thrown on shore; we went down to the edge of the water, and there, to our surprise and delight, found several pieces of a wreck which had come ashore during the night. These we lost no time in collecting together, and soon gathered a sufficient stock for the winter. After this, entire trees came ashore, but from what country we could not tell, though I knew that all northern voyagers, in their writings, mention the wood seen floating at sea in these regions.

““ Our twelve charges of powder procured us as many rein-deer, as we took care not to use it unless quite certain of success; but it was now exhausted, and we knew not what we should do for food, when the present stock should be consumed. Amongst the wood was the root of a fir, bent like a bow; this gave us the hint, and we set to work with our knife to fashion it to our purpose; but when all

was done, we had nothing to string it with, and it was abandoned in despair. Our attention was now turned to another trouble: as the cold increased, we had observed several white bears prowling about, and latterly they had grown so bold, that it was hazardous to go out of the hut: one was even so daring as to venture into it, and but for the inner door, would, uninvited, have made one of our party. We were now literally in a state of siege by these ferocious animals; for, although they did not herd, and attack us in a body, we could not venture from the door without the dread of meeting one, and, unarmed as we were, being devoured. It has been well remarked, that necessity has been the mother of all arts. We were in a barren country, surrounded with a ferocious enemy, having no arms but a hatchet, a knife, and a gun without ammunition; we were in want of food, but dared not step out of our hut, for

fear of becoming food ourselves to the white polar bear. In this extremity, one of our party said, if we had a hammer there was iron enough about the pieces of wreck to make spear-heads. It happened, the day before, that I had got out a large bolt from a plank; this was weighty, and thick at the head part, where also there was a hole, which we enlarged, by making it red-hot, and then forcing a spike we had through it with the hatchet; repeating this several times, we at length mounted it on a wooden handle, and thus became possessed of a hammer. All the iron was now collected together, a good fire was made, and a large stone was procured for an anvil; there were four smiths to one hammer, but those who could not use it, found other branches of work to perform: one fanned the fire with a dried fox-skin; another, with two pieces of stick, took the iron from the fire; while the third was busy in

securing it when on the anvil, for the fourth to avail himself of an efficient stroke with the hammer. After considerable labour, and several burns on the hands, we formed two lance-heads, which we polished upon a stone, and then bound them fast with strips of reindeer skin, upon stocks of wood, cut out with great labour from the ship's timber which had been washed ashore. Hunger hastened the performance of the work, and when completed we lost no time in seeking the enemy; for the bear, and not the rein-deer, was now to be our food, until some means of catching or killing the latter could be devised.

“ ‘A polar bear is by no means a contemptible foe, but there was no alternative; as I was looked up to as a kind of captain of the party, I armed myself with one pike, and giving another to him I thought the best man, the other two being furnished with the hatchet, and the musket to use as a club, we sallied

forth. Now, however, when we were anxious to meet with a foe, we could nowhere find one; and after a little time we spread ourselves along the coast, to search for anything that might have come ashore. I was just thinking, that as I had seen a bear about the hut the night before, that he could not be far off, when I caught sight of one making towards me from behind a point of land, where it is probable he had been waiting for my nearer approach. I was at this moment full two hundred yards from my fellow lancer, I therefore ran towards him, to hail him, and have his assistance; the bear gave me but very little time to run, for he was soon close at my heels; it was, however, fortunate I did so, as it in some measure brought us nearer together, for mutual defence. Turning round upon the bear as he was rising upon his hind legs to seize me, I made a thrust as near to his heart as I could; at this moment his head

lowered, and the point of the spear entered his eye; with a hideous growl the monster drew back for a moment. Still anxious for the assistance of my companion, who was making towards me with all possible haste, I again ran towards him; I had not however got many yards before Bruin was after me; again I had to turn in my defence; the bear, in his second charge, caught the point directly on his head, and by the impetuosity of his attack, overthrew me, spear and all, upon the ground, where I was entirely at his mercy.

“ ‘ It was now that I reaped the advantage of running; at this juncture, when my destruction must have been inevitable, the spear of my companion was passed through the bear; it did not, however, kill him, for he turned round upon his new assailant with increased ferocity, and would in all probability have mastered him. It was now, however, my turn; I was unhurt, and was soon again

upon my feet; and as the bear was rising on his hind feet to attack my companion, I passed my spear through his heart, and he fell dead before us.

“ ‘ We feasted heartily upon his carcase, and found the flesh very good; in fact, we enjoyed it quite as much as that of the rein-deer. From the nerves of this animal, which we found we could easily separate into fine threads, we made a string for our bow, and were again enabled to take the field against the rein-deer, of which, during the whole of our stay on the island, we killed two hundred and fifty, besides a vast number of blue and white foxes.

“ ‘ Besides our fears for the bears, there was another cause of almost continual uneasiness: we had brought but a small bit of touchwood, in the first instance, from the ship, and we knew not how to procure a light if we should suffer the one we had, by any

accident, to go out. I had heard of the Indian method of rubbing a soft and a hard piece of wood together, and of their making holes in a board, and then rapidly turning a stick cut to fit the holes in it, till they produced fire; but I never could accomplish it, which I attributed to not having the proper sort of wood. To obviate, therefore, such a calamity as that of being left from August to April, a period of full six months, in total darkness, to say nothing of the want of the warmth from a fire, we constructed a lamp of clay, which we dried in the sun, and afterwards baked it by the fire, lining the inside with pieces of our shirt, to prevent the oil oozing through, as the first we made did not answer. The fat of the rein-deer supplied us with a good substitute for oil, and at first a piece of twisted rag for a wick; but when the ship's planks came on shore, we found calking between them, and very soon burned improved wicks.

“ ‘ Our clothes we made out of the skins of the animals we killed, cutting them as we desired with the knife ; we made an awl out of a nail, and used the nerves of the bear, finely split, for thread : we had a summer and a winter dress ; in the former season we were clad in light undressed skins, in the latter we were dressed like the Laplanders, with long pelisses of the untanned skins of the reindeer and foxes. The white bear, much as he annoyed us and kept us on the alert, furnished us with a warm bed in the winter. Still, as we were separated from all hope of ever seeing any other human beings, melancholy thoughts crept in amongst us ; I had a fond wife and three children to aggravate my distress in the hours of reflection, the other three men were single, but they were no less miserable. One, for a long time, had been declining in health, and was every day getting worse ; his complaint was a very inveterate

attack of the scurvy. The loneliness of our mode of life engendered thoughts which vented themselves in words, speculating which of us would be the longest liver, and who should live to see the others covered under the snow or earth, then to starve for want of attendance when sickness overtook him, and, at last, remain uninterred, or become food for the bears. I often wonder how we could live in such a condition and state of hopelessness; but I am convinced man is much more capable of enduring hardships, than the world will very readily believe; the principal thing to guard against is, never to despair. A desponding mind cannot overcome slight or imaginary troubles; how then shall it meet real and weighty difficulties? Often, when I saw my companions drooping, I fanned the dying sparks of hope, by affecting to believe I descried a sail at sea; and when lying in our hut, during the long

winters of six months, I frequently spoke of vessels that I thought might by chance take the course we had, and bring us deliverance. And thus we lingered on, between hope and fear, until one of our party died.

“ ‘ The man that died was the youngest of us all ; for upwards of twelve months he was bedridden, without having strength enough to raise himself up, or power of moving his hand to his mouth. We fed him the whole of this time, in the same manner as a child is fed, from a wooden spoon we made for him out of a piece of ship-plank. He died at the end of our sixth year’s residence on the island, and as it was still winter, we buried him as deep under the snow as we could without spades, to prevent the wild animals from disturbing the corpse.

“ ‘ One day, about four months after the departure of our mate in solitude, we were walking by the sea-side, and as it was the

15th of August, when the sun was every hour expected to take his leave of us for another long winter, we were not in very high spirits. 'I am sorry,' said one, 'that Wereginn is gone, for though he did give a great deal of trouble while he was sick, he found us employment, and that's better than being idle throughout these dismal winters; I am almost inclined to fall sick myself, and get rid of this wearisome life. Ah, boatswain! here's another summer gone; this ship of yours will never arrive.' 'Won't it though?' I exclaimed, as I involuntarily leaped for joy, 'run, run! to the rock, hoist up a signal,' taking off my own coat of skins and hanging it up on the point of my spear. It needed no persuasion of mine to spur my companions on to exertion; they saw the vessel nearing the shore, and bounded from place to place to erect signals, with the rapidity of swallows upon the wing. As the vessel was still too

far distant for us to observe whether we were seen, we at length, all three, forgetful of the bears, assembled on the highest headland, with only one spear, and that fixed in the ground, with a skin suspended from the point. Here we held out our arms, hallooed, and made every possible demonstration of our desire to be noticed. Oh! how much I then longed for a charge of powder, that we might have fired a gun as a signal of our distress.

“ ‘ At length, to our inexpressible joy, we saw a boat lowered, and then make for the shore. It appeared the ship’s crew had seen us from the first, and taking us for natives, would have passed on, but thinking, from our manner, we wanted to trade, they came on shore. She was a Russian whaler, like the one we had come out in. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the men in the boat, when we related our story. The captain, immediately he was informed of our situation,

came to visit our hut, and was highly delighted with the various things we had about us, all made with a single knife.

“ ‘ Having recovered himself from his surprise at finding countrymen of his own in such a place, preparations were forthwith made for getting our things on board ; and after a prosperous voyage, we arrived in safety at Archangel. ’

“ I have already very much exceeded our usual time to-night,” continued Mrs. Meadows, “ but I was unwilling to break off in the middle of a tale of so much interest. Next time we meet, I hope to have something equally interesting to tell you. In the mean time I must wish you good-night ;” and having kissed each of the children, they retired.

THE END.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

WORKS PUBLISHED IN
TILT'S MINIATURE CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

THE greatest care is taken in selecting the works of which the collection is composed, so that nothing either mediocre in talent, or immoral in tendency, is admitted. Each volume is printed on the finest paper, is illustrated with an elegant frontispiece, and is bound in a superior manner, tastefully ornamented.

The prices per volume are—

ORNAMENTED CLOTH GILT EDGES	1s. 6d.
PRETTYLY BOUND IN SILK	2 0
VERY HANDSOME IN MOROCCO	3 0

Those to which a star is prefixed, being much thicker than the others, are Sixpence per Volume extra.

BACON.—Essays, Moral, Economical, and Political. By Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius. By J. Beattie, LL.D.

CHANNING.—Napoleon, and other Essays. By W. E. Channing, D.D.
 2 vols.

CHAPONE.—Letters on the Improvement of the Mind. By Mrs. Chapone.

COLERIDGE.—The Ancient Mariner, and other Poems. By S. T. Coleridge.

COTTIN.—Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. By Madame Cottin.

* **COWPER.**—Poems. By William Cowper. 2 vols.

* **FALCONER.**—The Shipwreck, and other Poems. By William Falconer.

* **GEMS** of Anecdote, Original and Selected.

* **GEMS** of Wit and Humour.

* **GEMS** from American Poets.

GILES.—Guide to Domestic Happiness. By William Giles, Esq., Author of "The Refuge."

* **GOLDSMITH.**—The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH.—Essays. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B.

GOLDSMITH.—The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith.

GRAY.—The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.

GREGORY.—A Father's Legacy to his Daughters. By Dr. Gregory.

* **HAMILTON.**—Cottagers of Glenburnie, a Tale. By Elizabeth Hamilton.

* **HAMILTON.**—Letters on the Principles of Education. By E. Hamilton. 2 vols.

LAMB.—Tales from Shakspeare. By Charles Lamb. 2 vols.

- LAMB.—Rosamund Gray, a Tale, and other Pieces. By Charles Lamb.
- * IRVING.—Essays and Sketches. By Washington Irving.
- JOHNSON.—Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, a Tale. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D.
- LEWIS.—Tales of Wonder, Written and Collected. By M. G. Lewis.
- MASON.—Self-Knowledge; a Treatise of the Nature of that important Science, and the way to obtain it. By John Mason, A.M.
- MILTON.—Paradise Lost, a Poem. By John Milton. 2 vols.
- * MORE.—Cœlebs in Search of a Wife. By Hannah More. 2 vols.
- PURE GOLD from the Rivers of Wisdom.
- * SACRED HARP.—A Collection of Sacred Poetry.
- ST. PIERRE.—Paul and Virginia; from the French of J. B. H. De St. Pierre.
- SCOTT.—Ballads and Lyrical Pieces. By Sir Walter Scott.
- * SCOTT.—The Lady of the Lake, a Poem. By Sir Walter Scott.
- SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel. By Sir Walter Scott.
- * SCOTT.—Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. By Sir Walter Scott.
- * SHAKSPEARE.—Works of Shakspeare, with a Life and Glossary. 8 vols.
- Each volume of this beautiful edition of Shakspeare's Works is embellished with a frontispiece by HARVEY, and numerous other engravings, amounting in all to FIFTY-THREE.
- * * * An elegant MOROCCO CASE, with glass front and neatly ornamented, has been prepared to hold this work, so as to form a most tasteful ornament for the chimney-piece or side-table, price 6s.
- * SHAKSPEARE.—Gems from Shakspeare.
- * THOMSON.—The Seasons, and Castle of Indolence. By James Thomson.
- TOKEN of Affection.
- of Friendship.
- of Remembrance.
- WALTON.—The Complete Angler. By Isaac Walton. 2 vols.
- WARWICK.—Spare Minutes, or Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions. By Arthur Warwick.
- YOUNG.—The Complaint; or, Night Thoughts. By Edward Young, D.D. 2 vols.

In ordering the above, it is necessary to specify

TILT'S EDITIONS,

As many *inferior* editions have been got up in imitation of this popular series.

